Mar 23
1919

Hogarth.

Sunday.

Dearest,

I was on the point of writing to you to call your child Angelica. Helen's beautiful, & so's Vanessa, but then there's the difficulty of young Nessa & old Nessa, a belly seems to me for ever appropriate to Roxall; whereas ~~Angela~~ Angelica has liquidity & music, a hint of green in it & memories of no one except Kaufmann, who was no doubt a charming character. Can't you still write in Angelica on the Registry card[2]. I have a feeling that unless people are registered they are all like Aunt Minna & Emphie Case, & Penrose Filby — playing at real names. You don't say how you are, which I think you might have done; for I scarcely like to ask for fear of being called Aunt Mary again. I am much tempted to come & stay, but in the first place I am now inseparable from my typewriter. I was on the point of taking my novel to Gerald when I discovered that about half was illegible; my typewriting is not my strong point. I am picking out the worst bits & doing them again, & I've promised to lunch with him at the Savoy on Friday — then, though you won't see the strength of this. I don't much like leaving Leonard with Lottie. She is all right so far, & Lal is excellent in every way, but Lottie's temper is shewn signs of being unstable, & probably Leonard would dismiss her if I went away; anyhow I should feel slightly guilty. But don't breathe a word of

this to Nelly. The vagaries of domestics are quite unintelligible; however so long as my extraordinarily sweet nature is in the house to keep the peace it will be all right. Couldn't I transfer my invitation till you've got your nurse, & Nelly is back here again? I believe the Stephens go down to Arbeham tomorrow — damn their souls! & they stay a fortnight at least, & I don't much like the thought of those great pillar like legs in my bed; & all that breezy good heartedness, & immense munching, & public spirit about the house. We almost let it to the Richmonds, but I think that's fallen through for the present. I'm rather in despair about getting a house [redacted]. I've written to several agents; most of them don't even answer; one did, but said that there was nothing to be had anywhere for £50. Meanwhile we're greatly tempted to take Lawrence's cottages at Gennor. It's had two on the Cliff with a superb view & a garden for £27- & of course Cornwall is almost irresistible; so I've written to find out, & we rather think if we take them, of moving all our furniture - books down there from Arbeham, & taking a tiny cottage in Firle or thereabouts as a week end place. But I fully expect to find that they're already taken. Katherine says it's the most divine place in the world - 3½ miles from St Ives, so it's sure to be taken, & I suppose we shall be in the streets. You, & of course Adrian & Karin will step into Lorna's [redacted] near you, which Karin will proceed to decorate with her needle, which is her rage — the dog her own designs too — & every evening you'll have a jolly talk about the cistern or the kitchen boiler. You don't know enough about the League of Nations & democracy to keep your end up there, & as for poor dear old Duncan I don't suppose he could keep the League district from the boiler for long. Does he realise, by the way, that he is now, in a sort of way, my brother in law, & all that that implies?

Our chief amusement now is Mary & the Athenaeum.

He is in a state of high exaltation, something like a Prime Minister
for evermore buzzes about asking for appointments, & needless to
say, <u>though please dont repeat this</u>, the Strachеys have
induced him much against his better judgment, to adopt
James a dramatic critic: They are a masterly race — at
least the males Strachеys, are in asking & getting; poor old
Gumbo, on the other hand, has just been dismissed from her
school on account of short sight, & seemed to me in the
depths of despair. She has no bounce left any longer. She
only just manages to live on her pay in a room in Kensington.
James, of course, has an allowance from Lady S: & by
pulling the right wires has now got a comfortable income out
of Marry. Perhaps I am unduly severe upon him though.
Has he given up being a doctor, do you know?
He rather fun about the Athenaeum, as every one is to
write what they like, & Mr. Ward is to be exposed, &
in time they hope to print imaginative prose by me —
Marry has got a man called John Gordon, a very bad
painter he says, to do art criticism; but I suggested that
he'd much better get Duncan to do the important things at
any rate — not that Duncan is exactly fluent in composition, but
I don't see why he & I & you shouldn't meander about in
picture galleries, & what with his genius & your sublimity &
my perfectly amazing gift of writing English we
might turn out articles between us. I do consider this.
I dined with the Yellow Cockatoo the other night, & he
said how you are the greatest decorator of large spaces in
England; & we sang a musical duet in your praise, until a
prostitute who was dining at the next table suddenly
threw her glass on the floor & upset the mustard —
walked out, leaving her poor young man to look most

uncomfortable. It was a very remarkable scene; & altogether I enjoyed myself very much. But its useless to pretend that I have any real connection with the Bohemian world any longer: I see that it's my fate to be sucked under by the Bourgeoisie & made a sacrifice of to old family friends. I've just had a long letter from Meg Ritchie, imploring me to go & see Mrs Booth while there is still time, (though Mrs. Booth is perfectly well) & saying that she & Billy & the children are coming to live at Wimbledon, & hope to see a great deal of us. You would be brutal; I am at once touched almost to tears. And then you tell Clive that I'm perhaps the most dangerous, unscrupulous, impossible, undependable character you know! We had Bruce & Elena to dine the other night. I own that I was slightly moved one more by Elena. It is true that she is very stupid, but then dressed all in black with one jade ornament, & her raven white hair, & her almond blossom complexion, & her air of melancholy she is undoubtedly very distinguished; & , though we did not mention the subject, I feel certain that the reason of her sterility & her melancholy is her hopeless passion for Stephen Manningtree which still persists; & that on every anniversary of Margaret's death she steals down secretly to Granby & puts white flowers on her grave. Don't you think it's all quite possible? It's a case of one of those hopeless, canine affections which you & I are, according to Clive, so incapable. Do you ever think of poor old Walter now, & what do I feel, apart altogether, for Walter Headlam, & apart from that one of these days I shall put him into a novel? I wish Duncan would write me a long letter, all about your character. & say what he's discovered in those labyrinthine catacombs, where the bones are piled so high, & innumerable jackals laugh in the light of the moon.

I suppose, if I could come for a week end, & sent a telegram, it would be all right? Give Nelly my love, & tell her that we are both longing to have her back, but Lil seems to be quite happy.

Q. B.

NYPL

HAMILL 12/20/69

pm: 2 APR 19

Dearest,

"Man & wife seek situation in any place of trust: man with life-long experience as coachman & 10 years as chauffeur: wife a hospital trained nurse; family grown up & out; highest references.. J. Burgess, Orchardleigh, Frome, Somerset."

They must be with the Duckworths — this is from the Times - today.

The Agency here is

Clare Carlisle
The Green
Richmond.

Yr. V.W.

4 Ap. 1919

Hogarth.

Friday.

Dearest,

It perpetly all right that you should keep Nelly, as Lil seem willing to stay more or less indefinitely. As she came on a Wednesday, an extra week would bring us to Wednesday 16th. One would have to take her for a full week, so you had better have Nelly till Then anyhow. ~~Would you let me know~~ you want this, & till Lil definitely. I shall take it for granted that

I went to the Registry here today, & was told of a lady nurse asking £40, but would probably take less. I went to see her, but found she was out, but I'm going to see her tomorrow. She is about 37 & seemed nice & (was all I had & great experience)

the Registry knew: the servant said she had not yet got a place. I dont for a moment suppose she will do, but it might be a good thing if you told me what wages you would give me.
~~Of course if the learned lady~~ in case the registry sent me round someone. There is also a young girl, now h.p., who wants to become mine, but has no experience. I'm to hear about her on Monday. The lady here is Miss Pruden, 1 Gloucester Gardens, Richmond. The registry, Clare Carlisle, the Green, held out hopes, I as I suppose they always do. I told her to write straight to you. She said it was much better she should ring me up in case someone came in & wanted to see me at once. So I have told her to do this. They all seem to live in Richmond so that one has a chance of seeing them instead of merely

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waiting; but I see one becomes quite hopeless.

But if any chance appeared on the horizon it would be worth seducing Nelly to stay on a little at Charleston to avoid coming up with the baby.

We have now settled to come to Asheham for Easter — that is on the 17th. If Nelly would stay on till then, I would send Lottie down to you on the 17th till the 22nd, if that hope would keep Nelly pacified.

I should like to hear about the party, which was I suppose the most brilliant thing ever seen, though the chief jewel whose

at Richmond.

I might telephone all this, if only Gordon Lee were civilized, as it is I must send it to Charleston.

O God! what a horror of desolation your life seems to be — only through domestic troubles, I mean. If adoration, sympathy — all the rest of it are any balm —

By the way, Mary NYPL rang me up yesterday in great agitation about Eliot, imploring me to say nothing denying the whole story, & insisting that he only abused Bloomsbury in general, not me. — That Clive had completely misunderstood!

G.B.

HAMILL 12/24/69

5 April 1919

Saturday.

Dearest,

I've just sent you a wire about Nelly Faulker. I went to see Miss Pruden & saw the lady of the house, Mrs. Parry, who told me that she was extremely severe & strict & over 50, & didn't think she would be any good with a baby. I said that you would really prefer a young girl whom you could teach, upon which she said "I think my housemaid would suit her — She is an extremely nice girl of 27 who wants to be a nurse, & has already had a good deal to do with children." So Nelly Faulkner was sent for, & turned out to be a charming, pink faced Scotch girl, with a slight accent very clean & healthy looking. I told her she would have complete charge of a baby of 3 months. She said this was just what she would like. She had had to do with

children - I dont think as nurse but as help - in her last place, & is devoted to them. & would like nothing better than to be taught by you. I asked Mrs Parry about her character. She has only been 5 weeks there, but Mrs. P. said she ~~was~~ is perfectly honest, clean, & most considerate, & doesn't mind what she's asked to do, & that she would never have parted with her & left that her husband is getting a valet, & does not like having housemaids. You can get a character for 2½ years from the place before that; she was with a doctor in Scotland. She wants £36 wages. She likes the country very much. Her only anxiety was that you might want her to wear uniform. She is leaving on Monday, but wants a few days to get things, & would be ready to go by or on Thursday. I said I would wire to you, & you would write to her on Monday. She will then come & see me &

NYPL

hear how to get to you.

If you would rather see her yourself, of course come & stay here. It's only 5 minutes off — Mrs Parry seemed very nice, & respectable.

Of course, like all the others this may come to nothing, or I may have thought her nicer than she is; but certainly she seemed to me particularly nice — rather humorous & simple, & ready to fit in with one's ways. Also she's so near that I can keep an eye upon her. If you've any luncheons for me, perhaps you'd better write them, & I could do & settle with her in person.

Yr B.

I believe Wistie must have sent the anonymous letter —